Sam calls within, *where are you there?*

Sam. Boy look you walk my horſe with diſcretion, I haue rid him ſimply, I warrand his skin ſticks to his back with very heate, if a ſhould catch cold & get the Cough of the Lunges I were well ſerued, were I not? What Raph and Oliuer.

Am. Honeſt fellow *Sam* welcome yfaith, what tricks haſt thou brought from London.

Furniſht with things from London.

Sa. You ſee I am hangd after the trueſt faſhion, three hats, and two glaſſes, bobbing vpon em, two rebato wyers vpon my breſt, a capcaſe by my ſide, a bruſh at my back, an Almanack in my pocket, & three ballats in my Codpeece, naie I am the true picture of a Common ſeruingman.

Oliuer Ile ſweare thou art, Thou maiſt ſet vp when thou wilt, Ther's many a one begins with leſſe I can tel thee that proues a rich man ere he dyes, but whats the news from London *Sam.*

Ralph. I thats well ſed, whats the newes from London Sirrah.

My young miſtreſſe keeps ſuch a puling for hir loue.

Sam. Why? the more foole ſhee, I, the more ninny hammer ſhee.

Oli. Why *Sam* why?

Sam. Why hees married to another Long agoe?

Ambo. Ifaith ye leſt.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? why, hees married, beates his wife, and has two or three children by her: for you muſt note that any woman beares the more when ſhe is beaten.

Raph. I thats true for ſhee beares the blowes.

Oliuer